MARK MILLAR & LEINIL YU

SUPER CROOKS

ISSUE FOUR

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SUPERCROOKS

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The Bastard's Mansion:

What the hell?

Is that *snow*?

Snowflakes?

Sorry, Johnny. I tried to think ***wind,*** but I all I could see was a ***blizzard*** in my head. I always get them mixed up.

We need a temperature drop on those ***hinges,*** Forecast. You got it?

Got it.

Okay, Sammy. You can handle things from here.

Everybody back!

The Bastard's vault is at the bottom, Carmine. Just close your eyes and jump.

Jesus!

How far down does this thing go?

TK's going to float us down with his telekinetic powers.

Man, I've really ***missed*** hanging out with you guys!

Two Miles Away:

Don't even *try* to lie, darling. We're taking you back to question you *properly*, so don't even *waste your breath.*

We take a very dim view of supers on my island, and you're about to find out why they *keep* their *distance.*

I heard *Miguel* was very interested in her, sir. Maybe we could pass her along once we're done with the *interrogating.*

I don't *approve* of such behavior, Praetorian. I wish the girl to die *quickly* and *efficiently.*

It's okay, honey. I'm not *fussy...*

...don't need to be *breathing* to be beautiful to *me.*

ENTRAR

BANANA LAND

Underground:

You guys okay?

Fine. Just *landed* a little funny, but I'm still in one piece.

Where *now*, Johnny boy?

Well, we want to avoid that *flame-pit* up ahead, so I think we're best to take a shortcut through the wall. Ghost, you want to see what we're up against here?

Eight or nine guards. Nothing we can't handle.

Huh?

Nice work.

Now according to the map, the vault's down here, and the one thing we *can't* avoid is *the molecular chainsaw.*

Shit!

The whole thing's tuned to The Bastard's DNA, and anything that isn't him gets sliced up by *lasers.*

Even *The Ghost* wouldn't be able to get to that off-switch. He's rigged this all up to scan every frequency, and anything that breaks the beams gets *carved* like a *turkey.*

Carved like a *turkey*, huh? Burned to death by *lasers?*

You think you can *handle* it?

Just try *stopping* me...

Fuck!

Ow!

Bad luck, little man! You went down like a *bitch!*

Oh, yeah? 'Least I *went down*, dude! You *afraid* to go down? Like some *prom queen* on her *first date?*

Afraid? Bro, I'm as fearless as a drunk no-condom ho in a locker room of horny college grads!

Christ!

Hah! Only thing worse than one fat fuck is two fat fucks, you dumbass!

Shit!

Relax. This is all going exactly to plan. Whatever they lose, they can grow straight back.

I reckon you need to lay off the booze, bro! That liver of yours don't look too good!

Haha! *Up yours,* you little turd! Who's laughing *now,* huh?

Thirteen Long Minutes Later:

Oh, my God. I think I'm going to throw up.

What are you *bitching* about, man? I made it to the other side, didn't I? Now come on *over,* friends and neighbors! That path is well and truly *clear!*

Of *course* I'm gonna get hit more than he did! He's a *smaller target!* I've passed bigger *stools* than that little runt!

Chill out, Roddy. You both did good.

This is absolutely fucking disgusting.

Okay, Carmine. It's all yours. All that's left is an old-school safe, and you can melt that with your ray gun.

Thanks, Johnny. This really means a lot.

Just like old times, huh?

Just like old times, kid.

Hard to believe that it's all in *one case.*

Oh, this isn't just *any* case. This is a *space-case...*

...bigger on the *inside,* remember?

Eighteen minutes and *counting,* boys.

Now get changed into your *fresh clothes* and let's get the hell *out* of here.

Kasey's Interrogation:

Ouch!

What the hell was *that?*

Forty mils of Sodium Pentothal, my dear. ***Truth serum.*** Give it a second to take effect, and then you can start by telling us what your ***powers*** are.

My ***powers?*** Who cares about my ***powers,*** man?

What about ***your weaknesses?***

What?

Never mind. It's just her ***inhibitions*** being lowered.

Don't tell me you're ***happy*** in here with your paintings and your statues. I can see ***straight through*** all this ***phony sophistication.***

Does it really excite you that your Mondrian is ***so precise*** it can never be ***forged?*** Is that really more thrilling than all that shit you used to get up to?

Growing rich was your ***downfall,*** dude. It took away your ***hunger*** and now you've got ***nothing.***

Want me to shut her up?

No, I want her to tell us ***everything***. What are you doing on ***my island***, young lady?

Are you ***serious?*** You really haven't ***figured this out?***

...we came here to ***rob*** your ass, man. The boys are downstairs taking you for ***everything.***

What?

Teleport!

Now!

Yes, sir.

You know what *I'm* going to do with my share of all this? Take the family to *Europe* this summer.

I know we're here in *unusual circumstances,* but I really like what I've *seen* so far.

Dude, we aren't even out of the *building* yet...

...don't get *cocky.*

You fucking *idiots.*

Oh, shit.

Are you really this **stupid?** Did you really think you could just walk in here and **steal** from under **my feet?**

You know who I ***am!*** You know my ***reputation!*** What made you think you could ***do*** this?

Honestly?

Because you're ***old,*** sport. You can't have a sleep without needing three pisses. Why ***wouldn't*** we come and steal from you?

Are you ***out of your mind?***

I'm ***unbeatable.***

Maybe ten or twenty-odd years ago, but not ***these days.*** Your greatest battle must be ***climbing the stairs.*** You ***sure*** you wanna pick a fight with the new kids on the block?

Dude, don't mess with this guy. We're in enough trouble as it ***is...***

Relax, bud. We're hardly ***unarmed.*** This is why we're packing ***Glenda. Right,*** pink-paws?

Shut the fuck up!

Ungh!

The Bastard's Office:

Have I really been away so long? Has the next generation of supercrooks forgotten why I'm ***feared?***

Maybe I need to ***remind*** them periodically...

Don't worry, darling, it isn't *loaded.* I just use the sight to aim a good *psychic blast...*

UNGH!

What the *hell?*

Glenda! For God's sake! Don't just stand there!

Are you kidding? I've waited *days* to see someone give you a shit-kicking...

...I'm going to sit back and enjoy every *second* of this.

UNGH!

So you're a *psychic!* Well, at least we know what we're *dealing* with now...

I can tell you're good. I can see those *defenses* you're pushing back with. But once I get a foothold in there, it's impossible to winkle me *out* again.

Can you feel that growing behind your *eyeballs?* Can you feel your *brain* beginning to swell?

Señor Matts! What can I do to *help?*

Just *get out* of here, Miguel! You're *distracting* me! This one needs my *full attention...*

WHUGGK!

What's the *matter* with you guys? I thought you were *professional fighters!*

I hate to *tell* you this, dude, but a lot of that shit's *faked!*

UNGH!

Okay, punk. That's enough. You've had your *fun.*

What?

I didn't think you could ***sink*** any lower than the shit you pulled back on our old ***team.*** But a bodyguard for a ***supervillain?*** That's low, even for ***you.***

What the ***fuck?*** Are you ***trying*** to commit suicide? Who the hell are ***you*** to stand there and ***judge me?***

I'm a ***superhero,*** asshole. What the hell are ***you?***

Oh--
My--
Jesus--
Goddamn--
Christ!

Gladiator! I am *so sorry!* If I'd known that was *you* under there, I would never have...

Shut up!

You're a *disgrace* to that *uniform!*

Gladiator! What have you *done?*

We *never kill!* That's the *golden rule!* What the hell were you *thinking?*

Take it easy. He's *still alive.* All I did was *brain damage* the piece of shit.

Ah, right. That's okay. I'm totally cool with that.

Now *c'mon.*

Grab the *space-case* and *run!*

I'm going to let you in on a little *secret*, darling: I *am* bored. I *am* lonely...and I *was* happier back when I had nothing.

But every cent I ever *put away* is down in those vaults and that greedy little *upstart* will not take my *nest egg!*

Urk!

Tell your boyfriend he should have looked up the meaning of *hubris* before he came here.

I am *not* a man to be *trifled with.*

Jesus.

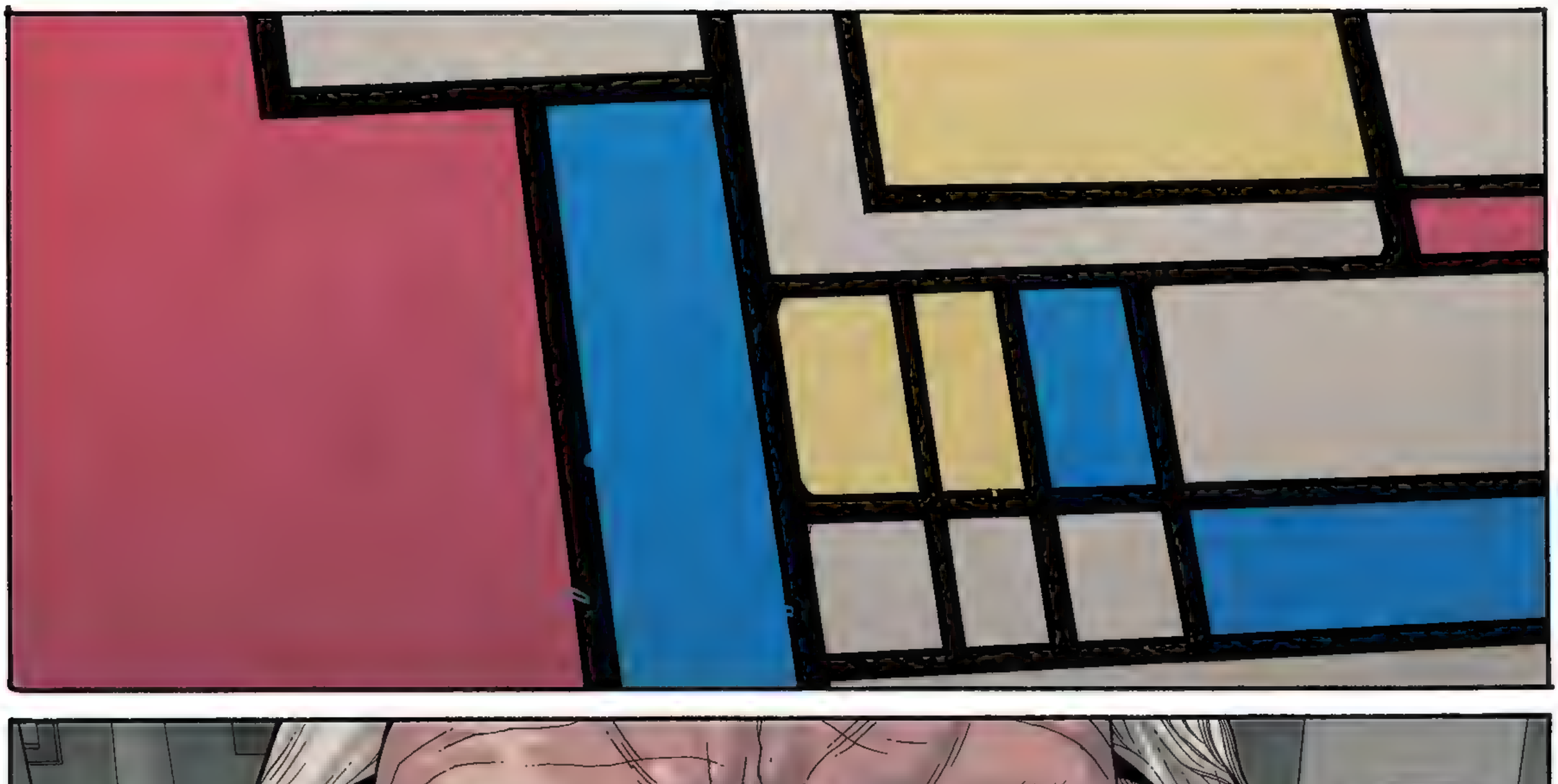
Does **no one** have any respect for their elders?

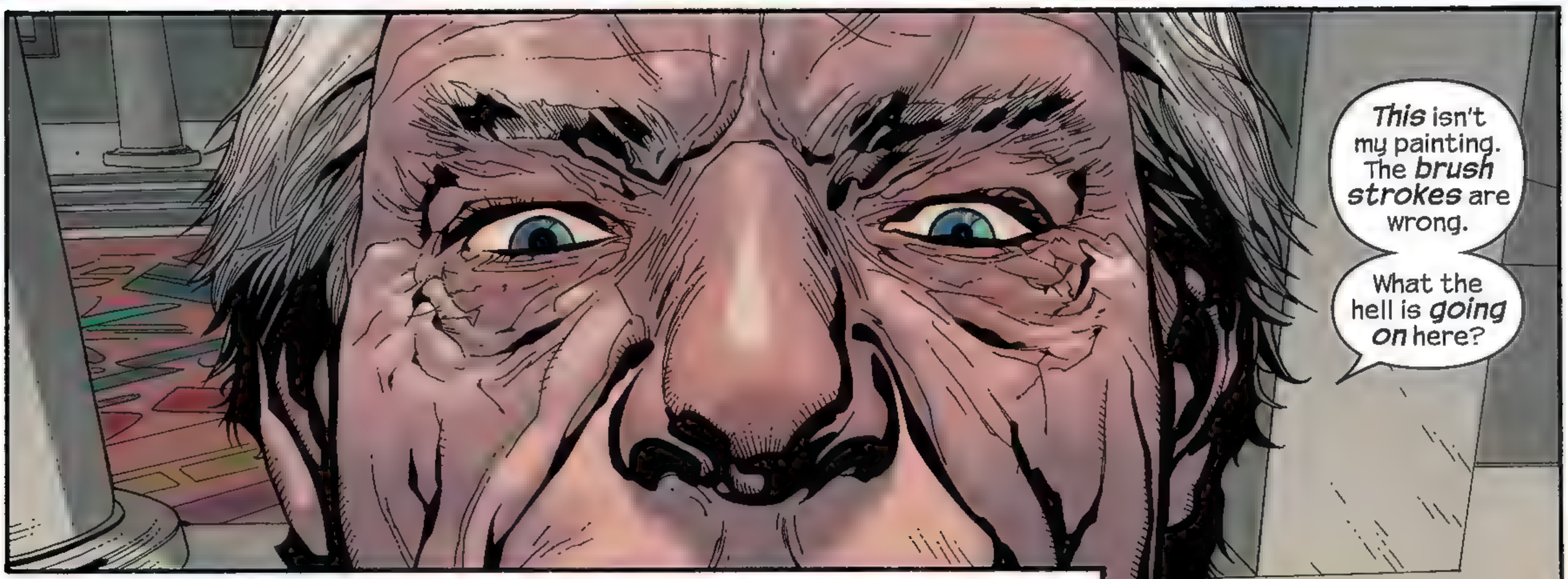
Praetorian, what's going on with the burglars? Have you **dealt** with them yet?

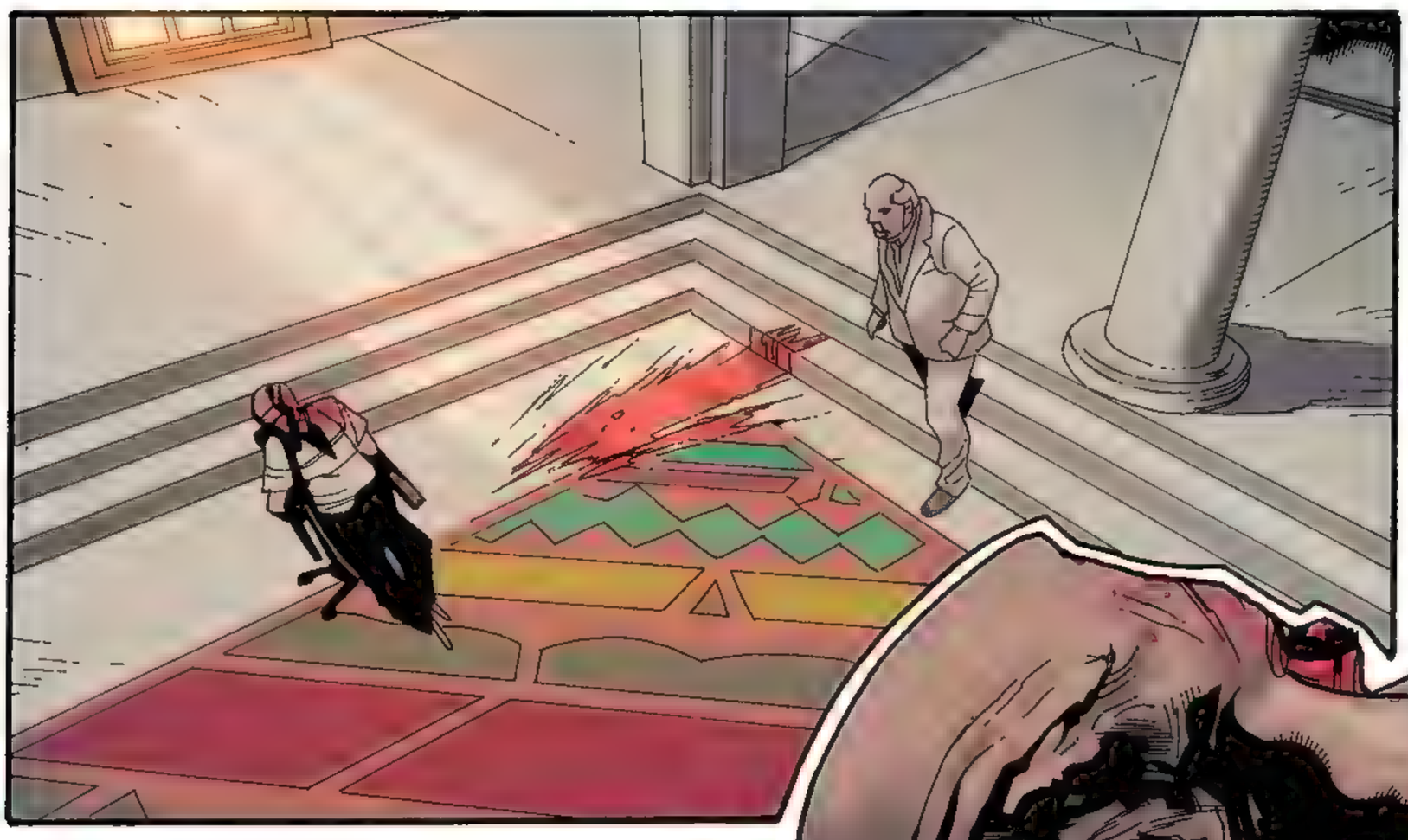
*Praetorian, this is **Mister Matts.** Are you **there?***

Sir, it's **Juan.** They've smashed up your **bodyguard** and leveled the entire house! Everything has been **destroyed!** You have to **come back!**

What are you talking about? I'm standing here now and everything's **fine.** I...




This isn't my painting. The *brush strokes* are wrong.
What the hell is *going on* here?



Oh, you wicked little *bitch!*

Come on, Kasey! Jump! We can't stop the truck!

I'm running as fast as I can, you jerk!

It's a fake!

This whole damn thing was a psychic manipulation...

You evil goddamn bitch!

MONKEY

GO-ROUND

BANANA BAND

Sir, what's happening? What are you doing standing in the theme park?

She took us up the wrong road!

This entire thing was a psychic fucking construct!

Holy *shit*, Kasey! Didn't you get *scared?* Weren't you worried he'd realize he was being *played?*

Maybe if I wasn't the best in *the biz.* But getting myself *arrested* was the only way we could pull this off.

I had to lure them out of *the house,* and by the time we were in that car, they were only seeing what I *wanted* them to see.

I *love* you, sweetheart. I *love* that you did this for an old pal.

I love you *too,* Johnny Bolt.

Now let's go spend our *retirement fund.*

"So the guys and me split the loot eight different ways...

"...which worked out around a hundred mill apiece, give or take loose change."

Manila,
One Year Later:

...Johnny told us all to *lie low* for a while, but you know what Supercrooks are like. Money burns holes in our friggin' *pockets*...

"TK McCabe took his family on that European vacation...

"...in a big, fancy cruiseship he paid for in *cash*.

"Forecast bought a *space shuttle*...

"The Ghost heard about their *financial woes* and managed to snap up most of *Greece*.

"Roddy Diesel surprised everyone by plunging his entire fortune into some *time machine designs* he'd been working on.

"We all thought he'd been *bullshitting* back at The Bastard's mansion, but it turned out he really *does* have a degree in temporal physics from Princeton University.

"*Sammy*, meanwhile, has just been sleeping with a lot of ***hookers*** and doing a lot of ***drugs***.

"The Gladiator decided he didn't want to be blackmailed again and so, after twenty years of living a lie, went public with his ***biggest secret...***

"...but it turned out half his ***teammates*** were gay and, as tends to be the ***way*** with these things, his friends were all just ***happy*** for him.

"He was still the ***biggest*** and ***best-loved badass*** in the ***superhero community.***

"As for Johnny and Kasey...

"Well, let's just say Johnny spent a big chunk of that hundred million dollars on a nice piece of jewelry.

So what do you say, honey? Wanna make an ***honest man*** of me?

I'll ***think*** about it.

"But how he dealt with *The Bastard* was Johnny's ultimate *stroke of genius.*

"Because we all know he's a *vengeful fuck* and would never rest until he caught up with the crew who had stolen all that *money* from him...

Mister Matts?

Uh, *this* is a surprise. To what do we owe *the pleasure,* sir?

Stop making *fun* of me, Salamander. You're only making this *worse* for yourself.

I...I'm *sorry,* sir. I don't know what you're *talking* about.

Urk!

I'm *talking* about my eight hundred million dollars.

Wasn't it enough to run my old *business?* You had to come and humiliate me in my *home?*

You're *young* and you're *vital* and you've got all your little *henchmen* here...but I'm not too old to teach you a lesson. I'm *twice* the supervillain you'll ever be.

Now, I normally play the *long* game... slaughtering all your *loved ones* before moving in for the kill...

...but I couldn't find a single soul who even *cared* about you gang of ingrates.

Salamander's Birthday 2010

You take my *nest egg*, I take your *empire*.

It's as simple as *that*.

Ah, it's good to be back in the big chair.

"Framing the fucks who were holding me to *ransom.* That was Johnny's final *gift.*

"I mean, why pull a job dressed as *yourself,* right? I *love* the way that kid always thinks outside the box...

...and with my *enemies* gone, I could keep my slice. But you'd be *amazed* how fast a hundred mill can slip away.

I mean, there's *cars* and there's *dames* and *fine wines* and *bad investments...*

...not to mention a few rough nights at *the wheel,* if you catch my drift.

Ano ba ang pinagsasabi nitong mamang 'to? Buong gabi akong kinukulit ng mga kalokohan.*

*"What the hell's this guy talking about? He's been bugging me all night with this bullshit."

Still, I got *two grand left* and an *angel* on my arm. What could possibly go wrong *now?*

Keep twenty bucks for *yourself* and put the rest on *black,* my friend. I got a *really good feeling* about this throw...

"No, wait! Put it all on *red!*"

End.

ZONE